

## The Evening World.

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## CARRANZA.

ANY official move on the part of this nation in the Mexican situation is better deferred until after the St. Louis Convention, when no cry of politics can be raised.

But obviously the time has come for plain talk to Carranza. Conditions in Mexico have not improved, as the First Chief would have this country believe. Lawlessness still prevails along the border and in a dozen other places. Anti-American demonstrations are increasingly frequent. Clashes between the United States troops and Carranza soldiers are already reported from Chihuahua. Ill feeling is intensified. Rumors of uprising and rebellion in various parts of Mexico are current. There is even grave doubt whether Carranza can count on obedience from his own lieutenants.

Yet this stiff-necked top-piece of a staggering Government reiterates his demand for the withdrawal of American troops, insolently insinuates that President Wilson is playing politics at his expense and repeats the old balderdash about having the disorderly elements in Mexico "satisfactorily in hand."

Out of scrupulous regard for Mexican rights and independence, the Administration has been most patient in trying to put faith in the Government under which the Mexicans seemed most likely to rally. For the sake of Mexican public opinion, which Carranza has constantly used as an excuse for his surly talk and actions, the United States has borne with his cantankerousness. But now, for his own sake, he should be warned to stop, look and listen.

His attitude and his words are offensive. His policy is dangerous. And as for the control he claims to exert in Mexico, Americans are one and all from Missouri.

Political problems are producing symptoms of distress in the Park Row vicinage. The Tribune's weather vane won't stay put and the Evening Post seems to have decided to support both candidates and see what happens.

## THE NEW TRAFFIC COURT.

FOR the greater safety of the city streets much can be accomplished by the new Traffic Court opened yesterday by Chief City Magistrate McAdoo, with Magistrate House as the first incumbent of the bench.

Sitting five days each week this court will deal with all cases involving violations of the motor vehicle laws, including the conduct and responsibility of persons who drive automobiles. "A clinic for the cure of speeditis," as Magistrate McAdoo called it.

It has become more and more apparent that motorists convicted of reckless driving have not been treated by the Magistrates with a uniform measure of justice. Too often, as Secretary of State Hugo recently pointed out, the courts pay too much attention to minor violations of the speed laws and fail to administer effective punishment in the case of serious offenses.

The new Traffic Court should be able to deal with offenders of this class promptly and from the standpoint of specialists in this branch of regulative and protective law. Magistrates in other city courts will be relieved of an increasingly exacting part of their work. Reckless drivers of motor vehicles will soon learn that they must face a court with only one set of standards.

Until we have an impartial State law which gives a man a license to drive an automobile only when and so long as he proves himself fit to be trusted with such a privilege, the new Traffic Court can at least put a sharp check upon murderous motor car driving in this city.

The Russian advance is about the first important instance in the struggle when an irresistible force hasn't found itself up against an immovable obstacle.

## THE LAST OF "DEATH CURVE."

A "LIFE SAVING WALK" has at last been laid along the Long Island Railroad tracks near Laurel Hill, L. I., on a stretch where in the past many persons have been killed or maimed. Three or four thousand factory employees pass there daily on their way to the manufacturing plants on the northern bank of Newtown Creek.

Months ago The Evening World called attention to the perils of these roadless, pathless stretches significantly known as "Death Curve" and "Slaughter House Cut." In one week three girls were killed on the tracks. Four workmen going home one night with their pay in their pockets were blackjacked and robbed in this same ill-lighted section. Yet all the while the City of New York had in its treasury \$20,000 which the town of Newtown, before consolidation, had appropriated for a road at this point.

The Laurel Hill Improvement Association joined The Evening World in a campaign to lessen the dangers of "Death Curve." As a result the manufacturing companies have given a right of way and built, between the railroad tracks and the creek, a substantial walk which when completed will extend to Maspeth.

As a return for the \$20,000 the city ought to be able at least to keep this section properly lighted and so relegate "Death Curve" and "Slaughter House Cut" to the limbo of forgotten perils.

## Hits From Sharp Wits

Some people's goodness has its only manifestation in expressions of horror at the wickedness of others.—Albany Journal.  
Nurse a grievance and watch it grow.—Columbia State.  
Boasting always fools some persons for a little while.  
A reputation for never having told a lie is bestowed upon a man after he has been a long time dead.—Albany Journal.  
In the domestic circle a declaration of independence is a declaration of war.  
People are more insistent on the right of way than on the right way.—Deseret News.  
A little booming now and then is followed by the worst of men.—Boston Transcript.  
Affect.  
To the Editor of the Evening World: Will you kindly decide which one of the following sentences is correct?  
"We fear that if you accept, might, the former is correct." W. A. R.

## Letters From the People

EFFECT our plans? or, "We fear that if you accept, might, the former is correct." W. A. R.

## He Wants His Milk!

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By J. H. Cassel



## Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland.

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MY Daughter, consider a woman's REASONS for marrying; for, behold, they are stranger than Truth and lighter than magazine Fiction!  
Lo, I questioned one of these, saying:  
"Why, oh why, dost thou want a Husband, Foolish One? For it hath come to pass that the world is filled with many other interesting things beside husbands."  
But she made answer sorrowfully, saying:  
"Verily, verily, I want somebody to hook my evening gowns and to powder the back of my neck!  
"I want somebody to get up in the middle of the night and see what the noise is!  
"I want somebody to call me 'a little fool' and mean it as a compliment.  
"I want somebody to keep a reliable watch about the house and a razor wherewith to sharpen pencils.  
"I want somebody's coat lapel to cry on and somebody's top hair to run my fingers through; somebody's buttons to sew on and somebody's coffee to pour!  
"I want somebody to sit up for nights and to get up for mornings.  
"I want somebody to WORRY about when I am alone and to brag about to other women!  
"I want somebody from whom to borrow handkerchiefs and cuff links and stocks and cravats.  
"Somebody to run a motor car with BOTH hands and give all of his attention to the machine!  
"Somebody to fill the curtains with smoke and scatter stumps and ashes about the floor so that the place shall seem 'homelike.'  
"Somebody to bring in the evening papers and read me the jokes therefrom.  
"Somebody to take down the portieres and put up the fly screens.  
"Somebody to argue with the janitor, bully the bellboys and browbeat the waiters.  
"Somebody to treat me like a 'baby' at one moment and to come to me to be 'mothered' in the next.  
"Somebody to reach the tallest electric lights and fix the radiator when it leaketh.  
"Somebody to open bottles, wrap bundles and check my trunks.  
"Somebody to take me 'for better or for worse' and to be legally compelled to put up with me when I am 'WORSE'!  
"For, verily, verily, I was born a RIB and I want to know WHOSE RIB I am!"  
Selah.

It is an uncontested truth that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.—SWIFT.

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)  
WHEN Mr. Jarr came home the other evening Mrs. Jarr said: "I'm going to have a little party to-night. You know, Rangle gave us a little affair last week, and the Jenkinses are always nice to keep in with. They live out in East Malarie, and these automobile people will take prospective customers out on long runs to demonstrate their machines, so we could pretend we were going to buy a new automobile and have the man drive us out to the Jenkinses to spend Sunday."  
"If the automobile demonstrator got a peek of this flat it would be all off with your scheme. He'd know people who live in a place like this can't even afford 'Flivvers,' replied Mr. Jarr.  
"Oh, you never mind about that!" Mrs. Jarr retorted. "We could have the automobile come for us at Clara Mudridge-Smith's apartment house and give the boy at the telephone switchboard a quarter to call us down when the demonstrator called with the automobile."  
"But what has an auto graft ride to do with your party?" asked Mr. Jarr.  
"Oh, I was just telling you why I had invited the Jenkinses," said Mrs. Jarr. "We have to entertain them if we expect them to entertain us. I've invited Cora Hickett and her mother and Clara Mudridge-Smith and her husband—just a few friends, you see."  
"Oh, all right, it's a good idea," said Mr. Jarr. But in his heart he knew better.  
"I might know that you wouldn't be pleased!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. Now go down to the cellar and bring up the piece of ice on the dumbwaiter. The dumbwaiter rope is broken."  
"Let the janitor do it. I'll slip him a dime when he brings it up," said Mr. Jarr.  
"If you have any dimes to slip, slip them to me," replied Mrs. Jarr. "And you go down and get that ice."  
Mr. Jarr went down and got the ice, arriving with it as the guests began to come.  
"Go out and make the punch, dear," said Mrs. Jarr sweetly. "I have to look after the company."

## Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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ALTHOUGH not particularly entertaining fiction, by buying Wurple's Essay on Fungus and Ferns you will have a book that you will not have to take out any burglar insurance on.  
A recent tornado blew a Kansas corn orchard and a Minnesota bean ranch together into Missouri, which now boasts of the only sucootash reservation in the world.  
The flying wallgrun of Fandania sheds its antlers during the bridge whist season and can be easily run down and captured by the lone trump at trumpets when darting from table to table.  
Mons. Kounghin, the famous Flidbush bungalow architect, has devised a one-room bungalow that saves \$100,000 a year in elevators, starters and elevator boys.  
You can prevent your nose from breaking on coconuts and hard-boiled eggs by opening 'em with a gimlet.  
If annoyed by frogs croaking at night, purchase a frog spaniel and place him, carte blanche, wherever that is. The frogs exhaust themselves chasing the frog spaniel around and are soon eliminated from the tournament.

## Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

"OUR BEST SOCIETY."  
By George William Curtis.

It was only gold or sugar candy common sense, what's in it for our society? If to lavish money upon objects of virtue, to wear the most costly dresses and always to have the best in the height of fashion, to have houses thirty feet broad, as if they were palaces, to furnish them with all the luxurious devices of Parisian genius, to give superb banquets at which your guests laugh and which make you miserable, to drive a fine carriage and ape European liveries and crests and coats of arms, to resent the friendly advances of the baker's wife and the good lady of your butcher, to talk of old families, and of your aristocratic foreign friends, to despise labor, to prize of good society—if all these were the good society—a prodigiously fine society would ours be. This occurred to me upon last receiving a card of invitation to a brilliant ball.

The "best society" is that in which the virtues are the most shining, which is the most charitable, forgiving, long suffering, modest and innocent. The "best society" is by its very name that in which there is the least hypocrisy and insincerity of all kinds, which recoils from and blasts that it is possible to be and which sternly rebukes all shallow pretensions, all coxcombry and foppishness, and insists upon sympathy as the faithful characteristic of true wit.

Had we recently arrived from the moon, we might on receiving this invitation and on being told that we were to meet the best society have an opportunity not to be overvalued. But who do we really meet when we go to a ball? We meet three classes of persons—first those who are rich and who have all that money can buy; second those who belong to what are technically called the "good old families," and thirdly, a swarm of youths who can dance delectably and who are invited for that purpose.

"I would give anything in the world to now have grandchildren, even adopted ones, who would have cheered me in my waning years.  
"I envy the women I see with little ones in their arms, because I know that when they grow old, although

It is certainly a fine example for childless people. After all, it is a wise Providence that made children very much alike—loving and lovable. As a proof of this, how easy it is to become attached to a little one who is of no kin whatever. The Finley Shepards are not going to have an old age like this. They mean to have children and grandchildren, even if they are not of their own blood.

It is expected that the two little children who are now there on probation will likely be adopted also. What an incentive to other families similarly situated.

Why not?

There are thousands of beautiful little children with good blood running in their veins who are kept in institutions.

They do not know what it means to have a goodnight kiss or loving arms about them. The individual attention that every child needs and which a happy household the shepards must have to-day!

On the other hand, I can take you to the home of a childless couple. They are old and gray and tired and wan. They live in luxury, but without love—the love of little children. They are the most lonesome couple in the world. They are now trying to hunt up some poor relatives whom they have neglected all these years.

"I just want to do something for them before I die," said the woman to me. "I don't understand little children, but I am bitterly lonely, and wish I had had some to care for in my earlier years. It is all wrong."

She wailed, "For people to grow old and have nothing to cling to except creature comforts."

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## The Family Without Children

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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TWO five-year-old children, whose names and from whence they came are not known, have been entertained for several weeks in one of the richest homes of the country. It is that of Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, formerly Miss Helen Gould. Already she is the foster mother of Finley Jr., who was adopted by her from a child-caring institution.

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## Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

Competing With a Chain Store.

AN the suburban grocer successfully competes with the chain store? That all depends, replied a local grocer. "There is one located within a block of me, for example. It is thriving and so am I. As a matter of fact, we could hardly be called competitors. It undersells me and I overtake it. This town can easily support both of us.

The less prosperous or more economical residents who do not object to waiting for attention and who would just as soon carry their parcels, patronize it. My customers, however, do not consider the savings involved worth the time consumed. The B. & O. store does an immense volume in proportion to its overhead. This is because customers await their turn and the two or three clerks are making sales almost every minute of the day. I keep a bigger force of clerks in proportion to my profit per sale. Furthermore, I do a big telephone business, which is a source of trade denied the B. & O. because it does not deliver. My business, too, is largely credit, while the chain store is a strictly cash proposition.

"One of my clerks, however, who used to run a small cash grocery in a suburb inhabited chiefly by wage-earners was put out of business by a chain store. Appealing to the same trade, the latter's more efficient system and better buying facilities enabled it to crush him. As neither rendered service in the sense my customers demand it, it figured right down to a question of price and the independent man lost out."

"As for chain stores handling other commodities—5 and 10 cent stores, for instance—I doubt if the small dealer has a chance in the world. Here again it figures right down to price and there the big organization wins."

"Which reminds me of a case in which my own brother was concerned. A couple of years ago he became interested in a 5 and 10 cent store located in a neighboring suburb. It was offered at a bargain; less than inventory value. The owner claimed that his health demanded that he seek a less confining occupation."

"After a thorough investigation my brother plunked down his money and entered into possession. Everything looked rosy. He made money from the start. A month later, however, he sold at the price he paid. He learned the real reason for the previous owner's low price. A chain store organization was seeking a local site. The store changed hands four times before the newcomer actually opened up. The final purchaser was stung and lasted but six months in the face of the big fellow's competition."

## When Uncle Sam Ended a War

THE possibility that the United States may play the part of mediator in bringing the European conflict to an end recalls the most noteworthy event of this kind. It was eleven years ago that Russia and Japan, after a long and costly war in which the latter had been almost uniformly victorious, formally accepted the proposal of President Roosevelt for a peace parity. It was on June 3, 1905, that the President of the United States offered his friendly offices to the warring powers, and two days later they pledged themselves to accept the offer.

At the invitation of President Roosevelt, the peace conference was held in the United States, and the

little New Hampshire city of Portsmouth was chosen for the gathering. The peace delegates assembled there on the 21st of August, and began a diplomatic warfare in which for a time neither side seemed to gain any advantage. The matter was eventually taken out of their hands, and the parity became between Tokyo and St. Petersburg, with Washington acting as go-between. The struggle between the two empires ended suddenly on Aug. 30, when Japan made unexpected concessions in the matter of indemnity and the control of the island of Saghalien. The indemnity claim was waived and the Saghalien controversy satisfactorily compromised, and the treaty of peace was signed on Sept. 5. The result was a diplomatic triumph for Russia, the defeated nation.